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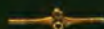
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SONGS OF KILLARNEY



ALFRED
PERCEVAL GRAVES

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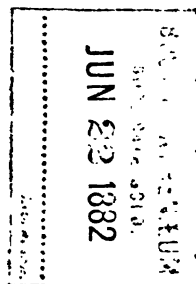
SONGS OF KILLARNEY.

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SONGS OF KILLARNEY

BY
ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

SECOND EDITION



LONDON
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56, LUDGATE HILL

1877

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1882 June 23

By Exchange

TO
MY FATHER AND MOTHER,

I affectionately Dedicate

THIS
MY FIRST VOLUME OF POEMS.

43158

PREFACE.

By way of Preface, I have only to say that the following Poems are the result of many years of happy acquaintance with the Kerry peasantry, and the beautiful country that is their home, and mine; and to thank the Proprietors of "Punch," "Fraser's Magazine," "The Gentleman's Magazine," "Cassell's Magazines," and other periodicals, for permitting me to republish in this volume certain poems of mine that first appeared in their pages.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

8, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND,
April 10th, 1873.

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SONGS OF KILLARNEY.



THE ROSE OF KILLARNEY.

I'VE been soft in a small way
On the girleens of Galway,
And the Limerick lasses have made
me feel quare ;

But there's no use denyin'

No girl I've set eye on

Wid the Rose of Killarney at all could compare.

O, where

Can her like be found ?

Nowhere,

The country round,

Spins at her wheel
Daughter as true,
Sets in the reel,
Wid a slide of the shoe,
a slinderer,
tinderer,
purtier,
wittier colleen, than you
Rose, aroo !

Her hair mocks the sunshine,
And the soft silver moonshine
Neck and arm of the colleen completely eclipse ;
Whilst the nose of the jewel
Slants straight as Carn Tual
From the heaven in her eye to her heather-sweet lips.
O, where
Can her like be found ?
Nowhere,
The country round,

Spins at her wheel
Daughter as true,
Sets in the reel,
Wid a slide of the shoe,
a slinderer,
tinderer,
purtier,
wittier colleen, than you
Rose, aroo !

Did your eyes ever follow
The wings of the swallow
Here and there, light as air, o'er the meadow field glance?
For if not you've no notion
Of the exquisite motion
Of her sweet little feet as they dart in the dance.
O, where
Can her like be found ?
Nowhere,
The country round,

Spins at her wheel
Daughter as true,
Sets in the reel,
Wid a slide of the shoe,
a slinderer,
tinderer,
purtier,
wittier colleen, than you
Rose, aroo !

If y'enquire why the nightingale
Still shuns the invitin' gale
That wafts every song-bird but her to the West,
Faix she knows, I suppose,
Ould Killarney 's a Rose
That would sing any Bulbul to sleep in her nest.
O, where
Can her like be found ?
Nowhere,
The country round,

Spins at her wheel
Daughter as true,
Sets in the reel,
Wid a slide of the shoe,
a slinderer,
tinderer,
purtier,
wittier colleen, than you
Rose, aroo !

When her voice gives the warnin'
For the milkin' in the mornin'
Ev'n the cow known for hornin' comes runnin' to her
The lambs play about her [pail ;
And the small bonneens snout her,
Whilst their parints salute her wid a twisht of the tail.
O, where
Can her like be found ?
Nowhere,
The country round,

Spins at her wheel
Daughter as true,
Sets in the reel,
Wid a slide of the shoe,
a slinderer,
tinderer,
purtier,
wittier colleen, than you
Rose, aroo !

When at noon from our labour
We draw neighbour wid neighbour
From the heat of the sun to the shilter of the tree,
Wid spuds fresh from the bilin'
And new milk you come smilin',
All the boys' hearts beguillin', alanah machree !
O, where
Can her like be found ?
Nowhere,
The country round,


Spins at her wheel
Daughter as true,
Sets in the reel,
Wid a slide of the shoe,
a slinderer,
tinderer,
purtier,
wittier colleen, than you
Rose, aroo !

But there's one sweeter hour
When the hot day is o'er
And we rest at the door wid the bright moon above,
And she sittin' in the middle,
When she's guessed Larry's riddle
Cries, " Now for your fiddle, Shiel Dhuv, Shiel Dhuv."
O, where
Can her like be found ?
Nowhere,
The country round,

Spins at her wheel
Daughter as true,
Sets in the reel,
Wid a slide of the shoe,
a slinderer,
tinderer,
purtier,
wittier colleen, than`you
Rose, aroo !



THE GIRL WITH THE COWS.

“ SHIEL, O Shiel,
We're dead from the reel,
And destroyed at the way that our
colleens are teasing us ;

So tell us a story
Of love or of glory,
To soften their hearts and to set them on pleasing us.”
“ Is it tired toe and heel
Of planxty and reel ?
And your sweethearts are cross to you—boys, is it so ?
Then make way in the middle
For me and the fiddle,
And I'll tell you the tale of the Colleen na Mo.”

O the happiest orphan that ever was seen,
Was Nora Maguire at the age of eighteen ;
Her father and mother both died at her birth,
So grief for their sakes didn't trouble her mirth.
Nora Maguire was the flower of the girls,
Wid her laughin' blue eye and her sunny bright curls,
Wid her mouth's merry dimple, her head's purty
poise,
And a foot that played puck right and left wid the
boys :
Yes ! her looks were a fortun' ; yet curous to tell
Sweet Nora Maguire was an heiress as well,
For her father had left his dear child at his death
Half a hundred of cows at the side of the heath,
Where Nora na Mo in 'a handsome slate house
Wid her granny looked after the sheep and the cows ;
For behind all the fun that her features evince,
Mistress Nora Maguire has lashins of sinse ;
But though Nora was careful she never was mean,
But dear as the dew to the hot summer plain,

She'd go stealin' the poor and the sick to relieve,
Unbeknownst in the hush of the dawn or the eve :
And no girl in the service at chapel took part
Who followed the priest wid a faithfuller heart,
And no sound in the anthem rose truer and higher
Than the fresh fervent voice of sweet Nora Maguire :
But that didn't make darlin' Nora desire
To adjourn to the convent on lavin' the choir ;—
No ! It's thinkin' I am, where's the use to conceal ?
Her first thought after chapel was Patrick O'Neale,
Wid his dark handsome looks, and his deep earnest
voice,
The pet of the colleens—the pride of the boys.

For there wasn't a boy in Dunkerron was able
To dance on the ground as he could on the table ;
Or sing in ould Irish wid beautif'ller shakes,
Sweeter songs or laments at our weddings and wakes ;
Or tell by the fire of a dark winter's night
Tales that crowded us closer together for fright.

And where's the turf cuttin' or boghole so broad,
But he'd clear like a hare hoppin' off of the road ;
At what fence would he falter or alter his steps,
And who could approach him at throwin' three leaps ;
And on Sunday at hurley, who rooshed on the ball
Wid such fury as Pat, through the thick of them all,—
Or when it came buzzin' like a bee through the air
Caught it cleaner, and pucked it as strong or as fair?

But for all these distractions the boy wasn't spoilt,
And no honest poor Irishman ever has toiled
For the wife and the childer wid heartier zeal
Than did Pat for his mother, good Widow O'Neale ;

For his father—God rest him!—had drooped down and
died

When the praties turned black through the whole
country-side.

And soon after his uncle Cornelius, I've heard,
From New York to his brother and sister sent word,

That the passage of both he was wishful to pay,
And they'd find a new home on his side of the say.
So they went—wid. their poor mother's blessin' and
tears,

Micky, twelve, but a stout little lad for his years,
And Honora, the darlin' sweet child of eleven,
All alone—but in safety wid the blessing of heaven.

Now Widow O'Neale, the brave woman had once
For a twelvemonth been novice and lived wid the nuns,
Though when that was out—I've no time for the tale—
She took Patrick's father—instead of the veil—
Well for nun and for novice, there's time and to spare
For the needle and thread from devotion and prayer—
And that time was well spent by the Colleen who now
Has no cause to repent her noviciate vow ;
For though many's the night she's gone fastin' to bed,
Little Patrick to treat to some meat or some bread,
Though it's many's the beautiful sunshiny day
She's sewed herself blind for his schoolin' to pay,

Still an' all sure she managed to struggle along
Till her Patrick, now growin' up hearty and strong,
Came home from the haggard one night in July,
Shoutin,' "Mother mavrone; bid your needle good-
bye !

I'm to have a man's wages on the Master's estate,
And help teach at the night school—Mother, isn't it
great !"

So when the spuds whitened in the gardens again
Young Patrick O'Neale, now the pride of the men,
Foot to foot down the ridge wid O'Flaherty pressed,
Who of all pratee-diggers was counted the best ;
And after inspectin' the mowers at work
In his glebe on the hill, Parson Fetherston Bourke,
"Why, Patrick O'Neale, boy," said he, wid a laugh,
"Why, Patrick, you're worth any man and a half,"—
For your clane cliver coorse wid your scythe through
the grass

Was a picture, more power to you, Patrick, it was.

And yourselves would be pleased to have heard him at
night

In the Master's new school-house, so smart and polite,
Explainin' the earth's longitudinal plan

To a wild-headed stump of a mountainy man,

Or settin' a sum in Algebbra, begor,

To the priest's crabbed nephew and one or two more.

But when it struck ten by the clock overhead

"Good-night" to the boys our young schoolmaster
said ;

Gathered up "The Six Books" and the slates for the
night;

Locked the door and made off, wid a screech of
delight,

Through the deep mountain gloom to the darlin' red
star

Of his mother's turf fire winkin' welcome from far.

Five minutes—no more—you allowed to that mile,

Then into the cabin you'd swing through the stile,

Catch and kiss the good widdy wid a wonderful
smack

Before she well knew that her boyo was back.
Then down to the milk and the murphies you'd sit,
While the dog wagged his tail and looked up for a bit,
And the thief of a cat on the table sprang up,
Knowin' well you could never refuse her a sup ;
For the proverb runs true,—to my thinkin', at laste,—
That man's a good man that's the friend of the baste.

Well, I've hinted that even as home through the grass
Mistress Nora went trippin' direct out of mass,
Across the girl's mind there'd be sure for to steal
Some notion or other of Patrick O'Neale.

Now wasn't that strange, for though sweethearts for
ever,

Yerra yes, though the best of the boys on the river,
From the Captain commandin' the Bay wid his cutter
To the proudest on shore, they were all in a flutter—

Though a huckster might furnish three iligant stalls
Wid the brooches and bonnets, the dresses and shawls
That the cleverest courters from far and from near
Had given her, galòre, at each fair in the year ;
Though none who'd not seen it could have any iday
Of the spring trout and salmon they sent her on
Friday ;

Though they put her the question in every way out—
In poems so romantic or merely by mout',
In English and Irish—and as I've heard tell,
One bould hedge-schoolmaster in Latin as well—
And though, which you'll count the most curous of
all,

Not a look nor a word had he ever let fall
That could lave her the laste right in raison to feel
She'd put the comether on Patrick O'Neale—
P'raps now 'twas the jealousy vexed her to-day,
To see Patrick funnin' wid Fanny O'Shea,
Or to meet him to-morrow, the full of his cap
Of purple whorts pourin' in Mary Moore's lap ;

While his manners to her were so courtly and grand,
Holdin' out on the crops wid his hat in his hand,
Or discussin' her cows wid a dignity such as
A Prince of the Blood would employ to a duchess;
Or perhaps 'twas the pride, that wid Nora was high—
That of all who were soft on her, sorra a boy,
For looks or for manners, could match wid O'Neale—
And yet his the one heart that the girl couldn't steal.

But whatever the raison—begannies—'twas so,
When the county came courtin' the Colleen na Mo,
Her thoughts they kept runnin', surprisin' to say,
Most of all on the man that was laste in her way.

But all you sweet girls who attend to my tale,
Lest by this you think coldly of Patrick O'Neale,
Faith, I'm forced to confess—that when Nora
believed
Patrick's heart was his own, sure herself was de-
ceived—

For of all of her suitors so rich and so high,
None loved her as deep as that poor pisant boy.

But why hadn't he courage his heart to declare,
And to up wid his story and axe her to share
His fortune for ever? I answer you, sure,
'Twas the pride that prevented him, being so poor—

Yes! that was the cause why, at bonfire or patron,
When the rest all came round complimentin', and
flatter'n',

To her friendly "Good day!" "Good day kindly, to
you,"

Was your only remark to her all the dance through.
And that was the raison, one night at Adair's,
When after a jig—through the scarceness of chairs—
The girls should sit down on the knees of the men
Till such time as the music should start up again,
Each girl wid her partner and Nora wid you,
You must preten' your seat wasn't aqual to two,

And sit down on the floor—wid her planked up behind,
Though I know well which seat had been most to her
mind.

But when quite out of hearing, unseen and alone,
To himself he'd go over each look and each tone
Of Nora's he'd treasured away in his mind,
At some moment she'd fretted to think him unkind ;
And as he went clippin' the briar wid his bill,
Or rowed up the river, or reaped on the hill,
Some fancy of Nora would come to him still.
The arbutus fruit now, or a stretch of the sky
Would recall her red lip or her laughin' blue eye,
The heath flower to-day of her blushes would hint,
And to-morrow the furze took her tresses' own tint—
The spring leaped with her laugh over pebbles of pearl,
And the sailing swan signed him his white-bosomed
girl,

While "Nora" for ever his oar on the bay,
And "Nora" his spade in the garden used say,

And "Nora," still "Nora," to the tunes she loved best,
His heart it kept beating the time in his breast.

So that pair of young people their feelings used
smother,
Widout each thinkin' either could care for the other.

But the rude blow at last will afford you a hint
Of the fire that's concealed in the core of the flint ;
And the beautiful brim that's unnoticed by day,
On the gloomiest night glitters most on the say,
And so even its secretest feeling'll start
In the hour of distress from the haughtiest heart.

And 'twas so with these two.

Now the mornin' was fair,
Wid the mountains distinct from Dunloe to Kenmare,
But at noon the white cloud Carn Tual had kissed,
And soon after the Saw melted off in the mist,

And lower still lower the mist it crept down,
Till its curtain had covered up Atthin and Beown,
And lower still lower it swept for the plain,
While you heard Bullig breaker start roarin' for rain.

'Twas a Saturday, surely, wid only the Sunday,
Betune it and the fair on the followin' Monday.
And, signs by, down each dark boreen then, for ever,
And from out every fog-steamin' ford on the river,
Cows and sheep they came startin', till the roads were
 alive,
For the world like a swarm of bees smoked from a
 hive.

Well ! that very same Saturday, long before even
The lark mounted up wid his matins to heaven,
O'Neale had been facin' as if it was day,
Surely, but sad, up the mountainy way
Back out of Glen Caragh, where he'd had a call
To his mother's own brother's son's funeral—

Surely, but sad, you may think, at the start,
Till the light of the sun began warmin' his heart ;
And yerra, ye'll not think the worse of the boy,
If I tell you, before every dew-drop was dry,
His tears for the cousin no longer used fall ;
And ye won't blame him much, if ye blame him at all,
When I'm forced to confess that at noon upon
Gloragh

His thoughts they had turned round completely to Nora ;
Till sure an' he shocked himself singin' a song
Of the Colleen na Mo, as he travelled along.

So he trassed away dreamin' of Nora na Mo,
While the mist it crept down to the valleys below
Unknownst to O'Neale, for each inch of the way
He'd have travelled as surely by night as by day.
Still an' all at long last on the edge of a bog
There puffed in his face such a powderin' fog,
That he gave a great start and looked doubtin'ly down,
To be sure he'd made off the right track to the town ;

And he just then could see to the left of his path,
Roundin' out of the vapour the ould Irish Rath,
And says he wid a smile, "Why I might be a hound
For facin' so fair for the Barony's bound,
But I'd best hurry on then, or Mother machree,
It's in dread for me out in the mist but you'll be."
So he started to run, when he heard from above
The voice of the girl that had stolen his love :

*"Magrina, magrina, magrinashin oge,
Come hither, my Laidir, come Kitty, you rogue,
Come up, Blackbird, come, Snow, to the beautiful
house."*

"'Tis the Colleen na Mo," he said, "callin' her cows."

But her voice sounded sadly and strange in his ear,
And the heart of O'Neale began knockin' for fear,
And he looked and he saw risin' up from below,
The Shadow of the Shape of the Colleen na Mo
Growin' greater for ever, till a monster of black,
Like the Spirit of Death, it stood out of the track ;

And O'Neale knew the warnin'—and shouted, “*Stand
back,*
Stand back for your life !” but the shadow went still,
Wid its arms wavin' wild on the brow of the hill,
Then it trembled, and balanced, and staggered, and
fell,
Down, down wid the moan of a muffled death-bell.

And as a man held by a horrible dream
Wrastles hard, till at last he starts up wid a scream—
So he stood there, how long himself never could tell—
For the mist of a sudden seemed changed by a spell
To a fierce fiend that caught him unknownst from
behind,
And held him hard breathin', and his eyes starin' blind,
Wid cruel white hands knotted into his neck,
And a hiss in his ears like a poisonous snake—
Till he wakes up at last wid a terrible groan
And finds himself there on the mountain alone
Wid the white mist around driftin' dreamily on.

“And was it a dream, after all, then?” he cried,
When a sheep-dog it ran barkin’ up to his side ;
And the dread it returned at the voice of the dog,
And he stooped down and looked at it into the fog,
And he knew it was Nora’s, and his heart it stood
still.

“Now, what are you doin’, Jack, here on the hill ?
Where’s your Nora, mavrone?” and the dog in reply
Starts whinin’ and draggin’ away at the boy.
And he knew it had answered as plain as if spoke,
And says he, “Jack, I’m wid you, though my heart it
is broke.”

So, layin’ a sorrowful hand on its head,
The poor boy went after—the dumb creature led
From Drumtine to Coomassig, as still as the dead.
Here the dog was at fault, but soon wid a bound
Followed on a fresh foot-print, his nose to the ground.
And Patrick looked closer and strained through the
dark,
And knew it was Nora’s by the straight slender mark.

And he stooped down and kissed it, and Jack he
stood still

On the top of Coomassig and barked wid a will.

And "Nora," Pat shouted, "O, Nora na Mo,

Is it clifted you are on the mountain below ?

O answer, acushla ; " but sorra a word,

But only the voice of an eagle he heard,

Wheelin' in through the terrible darkness beneath,

And he shuddered and sobbed, " It comes scentin' her
death,

And not as much light as to stone it away.

O, God, that the darkness would turn into day ! "

* * * * *

" Come, Jack, we'll go down to the foot of the rock

And protect the poor corpse from the ravenous flock ; "

And he coaxed him to come, but the dog wouldn't stir,

So alone down the clift Pat went searchin' for her ;

But as he was going, a far hullahoo

Rose out of the distance, and into his view

Red torches came wavin' their way up the hill,
And he laughed a wild laugh, through his wanderin'
will,

And he cried, "*Is it wake-lights yez are drawin'*
near ?

Hurry up, then, and show me the corpse of my dear."

And the red lights approached, and a voice wid the
light,

"Who are ye in distress on the mountain to-night ?"

And he answered, "*Come up, for our name it is Death,*
Wid the eagle above and the white-worm beneath ;
But the death-lights that hover by night o'er the grave
Will restore us our dead, when your torches can save."

"What is it, O'Neale, man? How wildly you rave,"
And the hand of Murt Shea, the best friend that he
had,

Was lovingly laid on the arm of the lad.

"O, Murt, give me hould of that splinter," he said,

"And let me look down on the face of the dead,

For Nora Maguire, Murt, my own secret love,
Has fallen from the clift of Coomassig above."

"Is it she, wirra, wirra, the pride of us all?
Do you say that the darlin's been killed by a fall?
Ologone, my poor Pat, and you loved her at heart."

Then O'Neill groaned again, "Sure I've searched
every part,
And no sign of her here at the foot of the clift."
And the rest they came up, and the bushes they sift,
But sorra a trace to the right or the left.

Then O'Neale shouted, "Come, every man of ye lift
His fire altogether." And one said, "I see
Somethin' hangin' high up from the juniper tree."
"'Tis herself," shouted Pat, wid his hand to his brow,
"How far from the top is that juniper bough?"
"Ten foot of a fall," said a mountain gossoon,
"Wid no tussocks betune them?"
"Wid nothin' betune."

“Have yez ere a rope handy, boys?”

“Divle a rope!

And not nearer nor Sneem for the likes you could
hope.”

“Come hither, gossoon, and be off wid this splinter,
For ’tis you know the mountain; away widout hinder
To the nearest good haggard, and strip the sugane,
Not forgettin’ a sop of the freshest finane.

Brustig, brustig, alanah!” and hardly the rest
Had followed O’Neale up the vapoury crest,
To the spot that the faithful, wise hound wouldn’t pass,
When the boy he was back wid the hayropes and grass.

Then says Pat, leanin’ down wid a splinter of light,
“God bless the good dog—after all he was right.
Ten foot underneath us—she’s plainly in sight.
Now give hither the ropes, and hould on while I twist.”
So he caught the suganes up like threads in his fist,
And twined them and jined them a thirty foot length,
Fourplait to a thickness of terrible strength.

Then roped it around the two biggest boys there,
To see was it fit for supportin' a pair.
And he easily lifted the two through the air,
Up and down, till he'd proved it well able to bear.
"Now make the rope fast to me, boys, while I go
Down the side of the clift for the Colleen na Mo.
Livin' or dead—tho' I'm hopeful for all,
There's life in her still—tho' she's kilt from the
fall."

Then he turns to one side, and he whispers Murt Shea,
"If I'm killed from the clift of Coomassig to-day,
Come promise me faithful you'll stand to the mother
Like a son, till she's help from the sister and brother.
And give her this kiss, and I'll meet her again
In the place where's no poverty, sorrow or pain."
And he promised—and all they shook hands wid
O'Neale,
And he cheered them and said, "Have no dread that
we'll fail,

For I'd not be afeard, why, to balance the Pope
Himself from the clift by so hearty a rope."

So a torch in his hand, and a stick in his teeth,
And his coat round his throat the boys lowered him
beneath.

And all but Murt Shea, then, they couldn't make out
The coat round his throat, and the stick in his mout'.

But it wasn't for long they'd the doubt in their mind,
For they saw his torch quenched wid a noise like the
wind,

And "Steady above," came his voice from below.
Then heavy wings flapped wid a scream and a blow.
" 'Tis the eagles," they cried, "at the Colleen na Mo."
But an old man amongst them spoke up and he said,
" 'Tis the eagles for sartin, but not at the dead,
For they'll not touch the corpse—murther, but for the
mist,

'Tis I could have told you that this was their nest."

"It's O'Neale that they're at—pull him back, or they'll
tear

The poor boy to pieces below in the air."

And they shouted together the eagles to scare.

And they called to O'Neale from the edge of the
height,

"She's dead, Pat, she's dead, never mind her to-night.

But come back, or the eagles 'll pick out your
sight."

And they made for to pull ; but he cries, "If you do,
I give you my oath that I'll cut the rope through."

And they b'lieved him, and waited wid hearts beatin'
loud,

Screechin' down at the birds through the vapoury
cloud,

Showerin' splinters for ever to give the boy light,

And warnin' him watch to the left or the right,

As each eagle in turn it would fly at his head,

Till he dropped one below in the darkness for dead,

And the other flew off wid' a yell through the night.

Then they felt the rope slacken as he crossed to the
bough,

Then tighten again—and he called to them “Now!”
And they knew that the dangerous moment was
come.

So wid wrist draggin’ shoulder, tight finger to thumb,
And tooth crushing tooth in the silence of death,
They drew up the two from the blackness beneath.

* * * * *

There’d been a long stretch of delightful spring
weather,

But this was the day beat the rest altogether,
Over mountain and valley and river—Oyeh!
There was never for ever so darlin’ a day—
Wid its purty pale primroses shrinkin so shy
From the bachelor butterfly’s kiss-and-go-by,
And wid hawthorns like bridesmaids come out in the
air,
Arrangin’ white wreaths in their iligant hair.

And so thought a fiddler, fiddle on back,
Steppin' for town by the mountainy track.
"But," says he, "what's the raison the people are
dressed,
All wid shoes on their feet, in their holiday best ?
'Tisn't Sunday, then—barrin' the priests were astray,
Ere yesterday mornin' off out at Rossbeigh ;
And a Saint's Day it's not, for I know them by
heart,
The whole box an' dice they observe in this part.
Must be then, begorra, I make no mistake,
In concludin' it's either a weddin' or wake ;
Though I shouldn't have thought the worst omadhaun
round
'D have chosen such weather for goin' underground."

When who should come hurryin' down the boreen
But Honor O'Connor dressed out like a queen,
Wid her hair in one wonderful plait, and upon it—
Like a bird on its nest—a sweet bit of a bonnet—

And a green sash that showed her fine figure for'nint,
And flouncin' behind her, the beautif'llest print,
Folded into her hand, just enough for a hint
Of as tidy an ankle as ever set step—

So the girl she came on, wid the laugh on her lip,
Till she sighted the fiddler, and “Shiel, dear,” said she,
(For I should have remarked that the fiddler was
me)—

“What a stranger you are—tho' returnin' aright,
For we've terrible want of your fiddle to-night ;”—
“But what wonderful doin's are goin' on below,
Honor, acora?”

“Ah ! nonsense ! You know—
Why, Nora Maguire's to be married to-day.”
“Glory be to God !—Is it true what you say ?
Well, Nora na Mo, but I'm wishin' you joy:
And who, in the name of good fortune's, the boy ?”
“Arrah who should it be, then, but Mr. O'Neale ?
But you're bothered, I see.” So she up wid the tale

Of the Colleen na Mo that I've told to yez all,
Explainin' how Nora wasn't kilt by the fall,
Though she took the brain fever immadiate on that,—
And how she wint ravin' for ever on Pat
And her love, and the pity the boy was so poor,—
And how hopeful from this of performin' her cure,
Good Doctor O'Kydd, ere the crisis came on,
Goes off to consider wid ould Father John—
And how the two wint wid one mind to the Squire
To tell him the danger of Nora Maguire—
And the Master, said he, "I've my eye on the lad,
And I want a sub-agent. He'll suit me bedad—
I'll send for him up to the Castle to-day."
And he got no refusal from Pat, you may say.
And how the good Doctor told Nora, the night
When the crisis was on her—by accident quite—
About Patrick. Then how a great longin' for life,
And maybe the notion she'd yet be his wife,
Came over the girl—and the terrible flood
Of the fever subsided away from her blood ;

And though yerrah so wasted—to see her you'd cry—
In a month she was up, and av coorse Patrick by ;
And, concludin', how hardly thè winter was out,
When through all of Dunkerron 'twas rumoured about,
Nora 'd taken O'Neale, and there wasn't a doubt
When the good priest he published them three weeks
ago,
And to-day they'll be married in the chapel below.

Then the marriage-bell started as Honor and I
Stepped into the town wid our hearts full of joy ;
So off we two darted, and just at the porch
Met Nora, the darlin', drivin' up to the church,
And Pat, you may guess, wasn't long in the lurch.
And a power of company surely were there,
Of the highest and lowest all down from Kenmare,
For the Squire and the Quality seated around,
Side by side wid the lowliest pisant you found.
And the whole string of sweethearts who'd courted in
vain—

(For not a man of them would give Nora pain
By seemin' heartbroken or wishful to slight
Her choice of O'Neale) had agreed to unite
To see the girl's weddin'—and surely for this, too,
Whin ould Father John had them married and blessed,
too,

They each had her thanks—Yerra yes ! and a kiss, too.

And somehow myself was mixed up wid that lot,

And stole the best kiss that I ever yet got.

“Arrah ! Shiel, is it you ? Why, none of us knew
Yourself was a sweetheart of Nora's here, too.”

“Was it Shiel, why, that kissed me ?” “'Twas so ;
then, bedad :

Hould his hands for me, Murphy.” “Now would you,
my lad ?—”

“Mercy, Nora, and whisper ! 'Twas just in advance
That I took it—for playin' to-night at your dance.”



FIXIN' THE DAY.

PATRICK.

FRRAH, answer me now, sweet Kitty
Mulreddin,
Why won't you be fixin' the day of our
weddin'?

KITTY.

Now, Patrick O'Brien, what a hurry you're in,
Can't you wait till the summer comes round to begin?

PATRICK.

O no, Kitty machree, in all sinse and raison,
The winter's the properest marryin' saison ;

For to comfort oneself from the frost and the rain,
There's nothin' like weddin' in winter, 'tis plain.

KITTY.

If it's only protection you want from the cowl,
There's a parish that's called the Equator, I'm tould,
That for single young men is kept hot through the year.
Where's the use of your marryin' ? off wid you there !

PATRICK.

But there's also a spot not so pleasantly warmed,
Set aside for ould maids, if I'm rightly informed,
Where some mornin' if still she can't make up her
mind,
A misfortunate colleen, called Kathleen, you'll find.

KITTY.

Is it threatnin' you are that I'll die an ould maid,
Who refused, for your sake, Mr. Laurence M'Quaide ?
Faix ! I think I'll forgive him ; for this I'll be bound,
He'd wait like a lamb till the summer came round.

PATRICK.

Now it's thinkin' I am that this same Mr. Larry
Is what makes you so slow in agreein' to marry.

KITTY.

And your wish to be settled wid *me* in such haste
Does't prove that you'r jealous of *him* in the laste ?

PATRICK.

Well, we'll not say that Kitty'll die an ould maid.

KITTY.

And we'll bother no more about Larry Mc'Quaide.

PATRICK.

But, Kitty machree, sure then weddins in spring,
When the Long Fast is out, are as common a thing
As the turfs in a rick, or the stones on a wall,—
Faith ! you might just as well not be married at all.
But a weddin', consider, at this side of Lent,
Would be thought such a far more surprisin' event,—

So delightful to all at this dull time of year.

Now say "yes!" for the sake of the neighbours, my
dear !

KITTY.

No, Patrick, we'll wed when the woods and the grass
Wave a welcome of purtiest green, as we pass
Through the sweet cowslip meadow, and up by the mill,
To the Chapel itself on the side of the hill,—
Where the thorn, that's now sighin' a widow's lamint,
In a bridesmaid's costume 'll be smilin' contint,
And the thrush and the blackbird pipe, "Haste to the
weddin',
Of Patrick O'Brien and Kitty Mulreddin."

PATRICK.

Will you really promise that, Kitty, you rogue ?

KITTY.

Whisper, Patrick, The contract I'll seal wid—a *pogue*.

[*Kissing him.*]



THE FOSTER SISTERS.

WHEN your mother lay dyin'
And passed to her rest,
The same gentle breast
Both our wants was supplyin',—
If for only that feelin'
I'd be yours, Lady Alice,
Though my home's but a shealin',
And the roof of a palace
Covers you, Lady Alice!

Yes ! to feel but that of you,
Foster-sister, acora,
Would have left to your Nora
No choice but to love you.

Even if your fair breast
Hid a heart full of malice,
Instead of the best
In shealin' or palace,
My poor Lady Alice !

Yet just as the dew
On a lily-leaf slender
Lies tremblin' so tender
And trustful and true,
Till the sun's selfish power,
Most sudden and cruel,
Wastes away the white jewel
And withers the flower,—
So it was with poor Alice.

For you trusted his love,
As simply confidin'
His honour and pride in,
As in heaven above ;

And you married, mavrone,
Lord Arthur, Lord Arthur ;
Though now, ologone,
In your grave you'd be rather
Than his wife, Lady Alice !

So that though I had once
A foolish ambition
For your noble condition,
Like a foolish young dunce,
Had I known, as I do,
What then was preparin'
For me and for you,
That wish I'd been sparin'
My poor Lady Alice.

And instead, then, for you
Half my hopes I'd forsaken,—
Half your troubles I'd taken,—
If only, aroo,

Through that you'd been born
Wid me in our shealin',
Safe away from his scorn
And black bitter feelin',
My poor Lady Alice !



O'FARRELL THE FIDDLER.

NOW, thin, what has become
Of Thady O'Farrell?
The honest poor man,
What's delayin' him, why?
O, the thrush might be dumb,
And the lark cease to carol,
Whin his music began
To comether the sky.

Three summers have gone
Since we've missed you, O'Farrell,
From the weddin', and patron,
And fair on the green.

In an hour to St. John
We'll light up the tar-barrel,
But ourselves we're not flatter'n'
That thin you'll be seen.

O Thady, we've watched
And we've waited for ever,
To see your ould self
Steppin' into the town—
Wid your corduroys patched
So clane and so clever,
And the pride of a Guelph
In your smile or your frown—

Till some one used say,
“Here's Thady O'Farrell ;”
And “God bless the good man !
Let's go meet him,” we cried ;
And wid this from their play,
And wid that from their quarrel,

All the little ones ran
To be first at your side.

Soon amongst us you'd stand,
Wid the ould people's blessin',
As they lean'd from the door
To look out at you pass ;
Wid the colleen's kiss-hand,
And the childer's caressin',
And the boys fightin', sure,
Which'd stand your first glass.

Thin you'd give us the news
Out of Cork and Killarney—
Had O'Flynn married yet?—
Was ould Mack still at work?—
Shine's political views—
Barry's last bit of blarney—
And the boys you had met
On their way to New York.

And whin from the sight
Of our say-frontin' village
The far-frownin' Blasquet
Stole into the shade,
And the warnin' of night
Called up from the tillage
The girl wid her basket,
The boy wid his spade,

By the glowin' turf-fire,
Or the harvest moon's glory,
In the close-crowded ring
That around you we made,
We'd no other desire
Than your heart-thrillin' story,
Or the song that you'd sing,
Or the tune that you played.

Till you'd axe, wid a leap
From your seat in the middle,

And a shuffle and slide
Of your foot on the floor,
“ Will we try a jig-step,
Boys and girls, to the fiddle.”
“ Faugh a ballagh,” we cried,
“ For a jig to be sure.”

For whinever you'd start
Jig or planxty so merry,
Wid their caperin' twirls
And their rollickin' runs,
Where's the heel or the heart
In the kingdom of Kerry
Of the boys and the girls
Wasn't wid you at once ?

So you'd tune wid a sound
That arose as delightin'
As our own colleen's voice,
So sweet and so clear,

As she coyly wint round,
Wid a curtesy invitin'
The best of the boys
For the fun to prepare.

For a minute or so,
Till the couples were ready,
On your shoulder and chin
The fiddle lay quiet ;
Then down came your bow
So quick and so steady,
And away we *should* spin
To the left or the right !

Thin how Micky Dease
Forged steps was a wonder,
And well might our women
Of Roseen be proud—
Such a face, such a grace,
And her darlin' feet under

Like two swallows skimmin'

The skirts of a cloud.

Thin, Thady, ochone !

Come back, for widout you

We are never as gay

As we were in the past,

* * * *

O Thady, mavrone,

Why, thin, I wouldn't doubt you.

Huzzah ! boys, huzzah !

Here's O'Farrell at last !



LONESOME LOVERS.

SHE.



CHONE ! Patrick Blake,
You're off up to Dublin,
And sure for your sake

I'm the terrible trouble in ;
For I thought that I knew
What my " Yes " and my " No " meant,
Till I tried it on you
That misfortunate moment.

But somehow I find,
Since I sent Pat away,
Must be in my mind
I was wishful he'd stay.

While ago the young rogue
Came and softly stooped over,
And gave me a *pogue*
As I stretched in the clover :
How I boxed his two ears,
And axed him " How dare he ? "
Now I'd let him for years—
'Tis the way women vary ;
For somehow I find,
Since I sent Pat away,
Must be in my mind
I was wishful he'd stay.

Oh, why wouldn't he wait,
To put his *comether*
Upon me complete,
When we both were together
But no ! Patrick, no ;
You must have me consentin'

Too early, and so

Kitty's late for repentin'.

For somehow I find,

Since I've sent Pat away,

Must be in my mind

I was wishful he'd stay.

HE.

Oh! Kitty O'Hea,

I'm the terrible trouble in,

For you're at Rossbeigh

And myself is in Dublin,

Through mistaking, bedad !

Your blushes and that trick

Of sighing you had

Showed a softness for Patrick ;

And yet from my mind

A voice seems to speak :—

“ *Go back, and you'll find*

That she's fond of you, Blake !”

Oh ! Dublin is grand,
As all must acknowledge,
Wid the Bank on one hand,
On the other the College.
I'd be proud to be Mayor
Of so splendid a city,
But I'd far sooner share
A cabin wid Kitty ;
And I may so some day,
For that voice in my mind
Keeps seeming to say :—
“After all she'll be kind.”

Oh ! Dublin is fine
Wid her ships on the river,
And her iligant line
Of bridges for ever.
But, Kitty, my dear,
I'd exchange them this minute

For our small little pier
And my boat, and you in it.
And I may so some day,
For that voice in my mind
Keeps seeming to say :—
“After all she’ll be kind.”

Here you’ve beautiful squares
For all to be gay in,
Promenading in pairs,
Wid the band music playing ;
But if I’d my choice,
Where our green hollies glisten,
To Kitty’s sweet voice
I’d much rather listen.

And I may so some day,
For that voice in my mind
Keeps seeming to say :—
“After all she’ll be kind.”

Here's a wonderful Park,
Where the wild beasts are feedin',
For the world like Noah's Ark
Or the Garden of Eden !
But, faix ! of the two,
I'd rather be sittin'
Manceuv'ring, aroo !
Wid your comical kitten.
And I may so some day,
For that voice in my mind
Keeps seeming to say :—
"After all she'll be kind."

Yes, Dublin's a Queen,
Wid her gardens and waters,
And her buildings between,
For her sons and her daughters ;
In learning so great,
So lovely and witty ;

But she isn't complete

At all widout Kitty.

And that voice in my mind,—

"Go back to the South!"—

So I will then and find

What you mean from her mouth.



THE LIMERICK LASSES.

“**H**AVE you ere a new song,
My Limerick Poet,
To help us along

Wid this terrible boat

Away over to Tork ? ”

“ Arrah, I understand

For all of your work

’Twill tighten you, boys,

To cargo that sand

To the overside strand

Wid the current so strong,

Unless you’ve a song—

A song to lighten and brighten you, boys.

Be listenin' then,
My brave Kerry men,
And the new song,
And the true song
Of the Limerick Lasses 'tis I will begin.'

O Limerick dear,
It's far and it's near
I've travelled the round of this circular sphere ;
Still an' all to my mind,
No colleens you'll find
As lovely and modest, as merry and kind,
As our Limerick Lasses ;
Our Limerick Lasses—
So lovely and modest, so merry and kind.
So row,
Strong and slow,
Chorusin' after me as we go,—
Still in all to my mind
No colleens you'll find,

As lovely and modest, as merry and kind,
As our Limerick Lasses,
Our Limerick Lasses,
So lovely and modest, so merry and kind.

O your English colleen
Has the wonderful mien
Of a goddess in marble, all grand and serene ;
And, though slow to unbend,
Win her once for your friend,
And—no alter or falter—she's yours to the end.
But O ! row,
Strong and slow,
Chorusing after me as we go,—
Still an' all to my mind,
No colleens you'll find
As lovely and modest as merry and kind,
As our Limerick Lasses,
Our Limerick Lasses,
So lovely and modest, so merry and kind.

Of the French demoiselle
Delighted I'll tell,
For her sparkle and grace suit us Irishmen well ;
And, taken complete,
From her head to her feet,
She's the perfectest picture of polish you'll meet.
But O ! row,
Strong and slow,
Chorusing after me as we go,—
Still an' all to my mind,
No colleens you'll find
As lovely and modest, as merry and kind,
As our Limerick Lasses,
Our Limerick Lasses,
So lovely and modest, so merry and kind.

O, Donna of Spain,
It's the darlingest pain
From your dark eyes I've suffered again and again,
When you'd gracefully glide,

Like a swan at my side,
Or sing till with rapture the woodbird replied.
But O ! row,
Strong and slow,
Chorusing after me as we go,—
Still an' all to my mind,
No colleens you'll find,
As lovely and modest, as merry and kind,
As our Limerick Lasses,
Our Limerick Lasses,
So lovely and modest, so merry and kind.

Now my Maryland girl,
With your sunshiny curl,
Your sweet spirit eyes, and complexion of pearl ;
And the goodness and grace,
That illumine your face,
You're the purtiest approach to my Limerick Lass.
For O ! row,
Strong and slow,

Chorus after me as we go,—

Still an' all to my mind,

No maiden you'll find,

As lovely and modest, as merry and kind ;

As our Limerick Lasses,

Our Limerick Lasses,

So lovely and modest, and merry and kind.



THE POTATO BLOSSOM.

AS fiddle in hand
I crossed the land,
Wid homesick heart so weighty,
I chanced to meet
A girl so sweet,
That she turned my grief to gai'ty.
Now what cause for pause
Had her purty feet ?
Faix, the beautiful flower of the pratee.

Then more power to the flower of the pratee,
The beautiful flower of the pratee,

For fixin' the feet
Of that colleen sweet
On the road to Cincinnati.

You'd imagine her eye
Was a bit of blue sky,
And her cheek had a darlin' dimple.
Her footstep faltered ;
She blushed, and altered
Her shawl wid a timid trimble.

“ And oh, sir, what's the blossom
You wear on your bosom ? ”
She asked most sweet and simple.

I looked in her face
To see could I trace
Any hint of lurkin' levity ;
But there wasn't a line
Of her features fine
But expressed the gentlest gravity.

So quite at my aise
At her innocent ways,
Wid sorra a sign of brevity,

Says I, "Don't you know
Where these blossoms blow,
And their name of fame, mavourneen?
I'd be believin'
You were deceivin'
Shiel Dhuv this summer mornin',
If your eyes didn't shine
So frank on mine,
Such a schemin' amusement scornin'.

Now I don't deny
'Twould be asy—why
Clane off widout any reflection—
Barely to name
The plant of fame
Whose flower is your eyes' attraction ;

Asy for me,
But to you, machree,
Not the slenderest satisfaction ;

For somehow I know
If I answered you so,
You'd be mad, you could disrimimber,
In what garden or bower
You'd seen this flower
Or adornin' what forest timber,
Or where to seek
For its fruit unique
From June until November.

Since thin, I reply,
You take such joy
In this blossom I love so dearly,
Wid a bow like this
Shall I lave you, miss,
Whin I've mentioned the name of it merely ;

Or take your choice,
Wid music and voice,
Shall I sing you its history clearly ?”

“ Oh, the song, kind sir,
I’d much prefer,”
She answered wid eager gai’ty.
So we two and the fiddle
Turned off from the middle
Of the road to Cincinnati,
And from under the shade
That the maples made
I sang her—

THE SONG OF THE PRATEE.

When after the Winter alarmin’,
The Spring steps in so charmin’,
So fresh and arch
In the middle of March,
Wid her hand St. Patrick’s arm on.

Let us all, let us all be goin',
Agra, to assist at your sowin',
The girls to spread
Your iligant bed,
And the boys to set the hoe in.

Then good speed to your seed! God's grace and
increase.

Never more in our need may you blacken wid the
blight ;

But when Summer is o'er in our gardens, astore,

May the fruit at your root fill our bosoms wid de-
light.

So rest and sleep, my jewel,
Safe from the tempest cruel ;
Till violets spring
And skylarks sing
From Mourne to Carn Tual.
Then wake and build your bower

Through April sun and shower,
To bless the earth
That gave you birth,
Through many a sultry hour.

Then good luck to your leaf. And ochone, ologoné,
Never more to our grief may they blacken wid the
blight,
But when Summer is o'er in our gardens, astore,
May the fruit at your root fill our bosoms wid
delight.

Thus smile with glad increasin',
Till to St. John we're raisin'
Through Erin's isle
The pleasant pile
That sets the bonfire blazin'.
O 'tis then that the Midsummer fairy,
Abroad on his sly vagary,
Wid purple and white,

As he passes by night,
Your emerald leaf shall vary.

Then more power to your flower, and your merry green
leaf,

Never more to our grief may they blacken wid the
blight ;

But when Summer is o'er, in our gardens, astore,
May the fruit at your root fill our bosoms wid delight.

And once again, Mavourneen,
Some mellow Autumn mornin',
At red sunrise
Both girls and boys
To your garden ridge we're turnin'.
Then under your foliage fadin'
Each man of us sets his spade in,
While the colleen bawn
Her brown kishane
Full up wid your fruit is ladin'.

Then good luck to your leaf ! more power to your
flower !

Never more to our grief may they blacken wid the
blight ;

But when Summer is o'er, in our gardens, astore,
May the fruit at your root fill our bosoms wid delight.

Then we rose, we two,
In dread of the dew,
And she blushed to her beautiful bosom,
As soft she said,
“ Now I'll never forget
This flower's the Potato Blossom.”



THE INVENTION OF WINE.

AS one day I was restin'
Mount Mangerton's crest on,
An ould hedge schoolmaster so
larned and fine ;
My comràde on the mountain,
Began thus recountin',

In this poem so romantic, THE INVENTION OF WINE.

Before Bacchus could talk
Or dacently walk,
Down Olympus he leaped from the arms of his
nurse,

But though three years in all
Were consumed by the fall,
He might have gone further and fared a deal worse ;

For he chanced, you must know,
On a fruit and flower show,
In some parish below, at the Autumn Assizes,
Where Solon and Croesus,
Who'd been hearin' the cases,
By the people's consint were adjudgin' the prizes.

" Fruit prize Number One
There's no question upon—
We award it," they cried, in a breath, " to—the divle !
By the powers of the delft
On your Lowness's shelf,
Who's this Skylarking Elf wid his manners uncivil ? "

For, widout even a ticket,
That deity wicked

Falling whack in their midst in a posture ungainly,
Pucked the bunch of prize grapes
Into all sorts of shapes,
And made them two judges go on most profanely.

“O, the deuce!” shouted Solon,
“He’s not left a whole un!”
“It’s the juice thin, indeed,” echoed Croesus half-
cryin’;
For a squirt of that same,
Like the scorch of a flame,
Was playing its game the ould Patriarch’s eye in.

Thin Solon said, “Tie him,
At our pleasure we’ll try him.
Walk him off to the gaol, if he’s able to stand it;
If not why thin get, sure,
The loan of a stretcher,
And convey him away—do yez hear me command
it?”

But Cræsus, long life to you,
Widout sorrow or strife to you,
And a peaceable wife to you, that continted you'll
die !

Just thin you'd the luck
The forefinger to suck
That you'd previously stuck wid despair in your eye.

No more that eye hurt you—
For the excellent virtue
Of the necther you'd sipped cured its smarting at
once,
And you shouted to Solon,
“Stop your polis patrollin’,
Where’s the sinse your ould poll in, you ignorant
dunce.

Is it whip into quod
A celestial god,
For I’ll prove in a crack that the craythur’s divine.”

“Look here ! have a sup,”

Some more juice he sopped up

In a silver prize cup, and THEY FIRST TASTED
WINE.

Said Solon, “ Be Japers,

Put this in the papers,

For this child wid his capers is divine widout doubt,

Let's kneel down before him,

And humbly adore him—

Then we'll mix a good jorum of the drink he's made
out.”

Now the whole of this time

That Spalpeen Sublime

Was preparing his mind for a good coorse of howling,

For you've noticed, no doubt,

That the childer don't shout

Till a minute or more on their heads they've been
rowing.

“ *Milleah murther !* ” at last,
He shouted aghast,
“ My blood’s flowing as fast as a fountain of wa-
ther ;
It’ll soon be all spilt,
And then I’ll be kilt—”
Mistaking the juice of the grapes for his slaughter.

Thin glancing around
He them gentlemen found
Their lips to the ground most adoringly placed,
Though I’m thinking the tippie,
Continuin’ to ripple,
Round that sacred young cripple, their devotion
increased.

“ By Noah’s Ark and the Flood,
They’re drinking my blood.
O you black vagabones,” shouted Bacchus, “ take
that ! ”

Here wid infantile curses
He up wid his thyrsus,
And knocked the entire cavalcade of them flat.

But soon to his joy
That Celestial Boy,
Comprehendin' the carnage that reddened the
ground,
Extending his pardon
To all in the garden,
Exclaimed wid a smile, as a crater he crowned,

“ My bould girls and boys,
Be using your eyes,
For you now recognise the god Bacchus in me.
Come, what do you say
To a slight dajoonay,
Wid cowl'd punch and champagne, for I'm on for a
spree ? ”

So, widout further pressing,
Or the bother of dressing,
Down to the table they sat wid that haythen divine,
And began celebrating,
Wid the choicest of ating,
And drinking like winking, THE INVINTION OF WINE.



THE IRISH SPINNING WHEEL.

“**S**ING me a song,
Shiel, Shiel—
As my foot on the reel
Goes guidin’ the wheel
Along.
For I keep better time
To a musical rhyme,
Than without.”

“No doubt—

But Roseen, yourself start a tune—

For I've heard
How a bird
That sings by the light of the moon,
Away over the ocean,
Once took up a notion,
The vain little elf, that he'd fly
To Ireland itself on the sly,
And prove all the songs of our sky
Wid the tone
Of his own,
Could never at all at all vie—
And he thought himself surely the best,
And 'twas true for him p'r'aps of the rest ;
But we've all understood
Meetin' you in the wood,
As you warbled ' The Land of the West.'
He should say,
He'd no chance
Wid you.
So away

Into France

He flew."

" Behave, Shiel,
Yerra, don't you feel
How your blarneyin' talk is delayin' my reel ;
If you won't sing a song,
As I'm spinnin' along,
Be off—for you 're idlin' myself and the wheel."

" Is it so ?
O ! Vo !
If off I should go
Widout that I make you the music, machree—
Down here,
My dear,
From this seat
At your feet,
I'll up wid the song that's the dearest to me."

SONG.

Show me a sight,
Bates for delight
An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it.
O! No!
Nothin' you'll show,
Aquals her sittin' and takin' a twirl at it.

Look at her there,
Night in her hair—
The blue ray of day from her eye laughin' out cn us!
Faix, an' a foot,
Perfect of cut,
Peepin' to put an end to all doubt in us

That there's a sight,
Bates for delight
An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it.

O ! No !

Nothin' you'll show,
Aquals her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.

See ! the lamb's wool
Turns coarse an' dull
By them soft, beautiful, weeshy, white hands of her.
Down goes her heel,
Roun' runs the wheel,
Purrin' wid pleasure to take the commands of her.

Then show me a sight,
Bates for delight
An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it.

O ! No !
Nothin' you'll show,
Aquals her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.

Talk of Three Fates,
Seated on seats,

Spinnin' and shearin' away till they've done for me.

You may want three

For your massacre,

But one fate for me, boys, and only the one for me.

And

Isn't that fate,

Pictured complete,

An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it?

O! No!

Nothin' you'll show,

Aquals her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.



THE FAIRY FIG.

HEARS ago Connor Glanny,
The honest poor man he
Felt the bitter distress,

You may easily guess,
Whin I tell you he'd lost
All his fruit from the frost
(An' his apples the way
His rint he used pay),
An' his young wife confined,
An' still on his mind—
An' their first little son,
The weakest one ;

An' so, you may say,
The sight of that orchard
The little man tortured,
Wid sorra a pippin
Smilin' off of its kippin
To meet quarter-day.

Well ! the night barrin' two
That the rint it was due,
He up and away,
Before it was dawn,
To his cousin Jer Shea,
Beyant Derrynane,
To see could he borrow
The money agin
That day after to-morrow ;
But Jer wasn't in,
But across at Eyries
Wid a boat-load of trees,
So Glanny turned back

By the mountainy track,
An' the head hangin' down,
Was trassin' for town,
Whin he chanced in Bunow,
On a small little sow,
On the naked rock lyin',
An' jist about dyin'.
It was awful hot weaether,
An' Glanny was bate,
An' to Sneem altogether,
Was six mile complate.
Still an' all for that same,
For the baste has its claim,
On the honest man's mind,
"I'll not lave you behind,"
Says he, "in the sun,
On that scorchin' hot shelf,
Or to bacon itself
You'll shortly be done."

So off of the rock,
The two arms around her,
That bonneen he took,
An' faith an' he found her
A good weighty block,
An' was right glad to ground her
In the shade of the hedge,
At the dusty road's edge.

Then says he, "Faix, I think
I'll bring you a drink,
You poor little baste,
You'd die softer at laste."

So back to a fountain,
Where himself had just been,
He stretched up the mountain
For that little bonneen,
As if 'twas his daughter ;
An' filled his caubeen

Full up wid spring wather.
Thin turned slowly back
Like a snail on his track,
For fear he'd be spillin'
The drink, if he ran,
Though the heat it was killin'
To a bareheaded man.

Thin the sow for that sup
Lookin' thankfully up,
Now what do you think?
Before you could wink,
Sucked it down in one drink,
Gave herself a good rowl,
An' thin, on my sowl!
Starts up, why, as frisky
As if she'd had whisky,
Racin' an' chasin'
Her tail wid her snout,
In a style so amazin',

Aroun' an' about,
That though Glanny felt sure,
An' surer each minute,
There was somethin' quare in it,
Performin' her cure ;
He should still folly afther
That bonneen so droll,
His sides splittin' wid laughther,
At each caracole.

So the sow held her path
To an ould Irish rath,
Thin roundin' about
Wid a shake of her snout,
Signin' where she was goin',
She made off for an owen
Gladiatoring her way,
Wid her tail in the air,
Through such briars and furze,
As a fool, why, would say,

In five minutes 'd flay her
Wid that soft skin of hers,
Or prickle the baste
To a hedgehog at laste.

“ Hould on,” Glanny shouted,
“ Or by that holly-tree,
Suicided you'll be,”
An' made for to catch her,
But through it she snouted
Wid sorra a scratch, sure,
Just as if it was wool
She was giving a pull ;
An' Glanny should follow
The pig, av ye plaze,
Right in through that holly
On his hands an' his knees ;
Till she came to a cave,
Flagged above wid gallauns,
An' the ould ogham Crève

On the edge of the stones,
As he saw, whin his sight
Understood the dim light
Of that hole underground.
But no symptom around,
Left, centre, or right,
Of the little bonneen
That had guided him in.

Till liftin' his eyes,
He sees wid surprise,
Herself by the curl,
Of her comical tail,
Swingin' down from the roof,
In a wonderful whirl.
Well! to have a sure proof
The appearance was raal,
Glanny grips her forenint ;
Whin widout the laste hint
Of so awful a wonder,

Through the thick of a storm
Of terrible thunder,
By lightnin'
Most fright'nin'
He sees her transform,
Transform an' transform,
Till a beautiful fairy,
Complete in her charms,
Wid a laugh, O how merry,
She leapt from his arms
To the moss, that the minute
She set her foot in it,
Turned to velvet—no less—
Of a green like her dress.
While sofies and chairs,
An' harps and pianees,
Promenadin' in pairs,
Took their places, begannies,
As if walked to their stands
By invisible hands.

Thin goold plate an' cup,
Came galloping up,
The purtiest of papers
Spread the four walls, be japers,
An' a crimson silk curtain
Crowned a chamber for sartin,
At laste, I'd presume,
Widout any bravado,
Batin' out the drawing-room
Of the Jap'nese Mikado.
An' as you bewilder
Ourselves an' the childer,
Up in London wid your
Prestidigitateur,
And his droll conjuration,
That was just Glanny's station—
Cryin' out at each wonder
As if at a show,
“ O vo ! O vo ”
“ O thunder, O thunder ! ”

“ O glory be to God !
By my sowl, but that’s odd ! ”
Till immediately after
Some such star-gazin’ speech,
There arose such a screech
Of shrill little laughter,
That he faced sudden round,
An’, begorra, there found
A whole fairy squadroon,
Ivery single small one
Its sides splittin’ wid fun—
Wid the former bonneen
In front for their queen ;
Who, beckn’in for silence,
“ Pray pardon their vi’lence,
Mr. Connor,” says she,
“ For really my elves
Will be makin’ too free
Sometimes wid themselves—
Will ye whisht, all of ye ! ”

Thin she whispers to Glanny,

“ In the whole of this part

There never was any

As gentle at heart

As you,

Aroo.

Signs by—and because

’Tis enchanted I was,

Away up in Bunow,

In the form of a sow,

A small little sow,

On the scorchin’ rock lyin’,

An’ just about dyin’—

Of the drought, you may say ;

For each one hottest day

Through the last fifty year—

Wid not one to appear,

To or out of the city,

To show any pity

To the little bonneen,—

For that spell shouldn't cease
'Till one came to release
By liftin' me down
To the road from the town,
And climbin' the hill
His caubeen for to fill
Full up wid spring wather
For me,
Machree,
As if for his daughther,'
Till, Glanny, you came,
And accomplished that same—
An' I'm free to my joy
Through the manes of you, boy—

Now what can I do
To ricompinse you ?
Any wish that you have
I'll give, as you gave,
Name it,

An' claim it

From me,"

Says she.

"With no 'by your lave,' or

Condition, or favour—

I'll grant it, Machree."

"Thank you kindly," says he,

"But I think you'll agree

You never could grant

All the wishes I want,

Whin I tell you I've come

From the sorrafullest home—

The young wife confined,

An' still on my mind—

An' the small little son

The sickliest one,

An' my apples all lost

By the cruelest frost.

An' my fruit the one way

The rint I can pay—
An' it due, to my sorrow,
The day afther to-morrow.”
Says she, “ Then cheer up,
An' I'll manage it all—
But its fastin' you look
For the bit and the sup ;
So ”—she here gave a call
To her fairy French cook—
“ You'll stay here, an' dine
On my mate and my wine ;
Then you'll feel more the man
To consider my plan.”

Thin a table arose
Wid a cloth like the snows,
And upon it goold dishes
Full of soups and of fishes ;
And mates and sweetmates
Hot an' cowl'd on the plates,

An' a soft pair of sates.
So she, why, and Connor
 To that dinner sat down,
While, glory ! on my honor !
 Aroun' an' aroun'
Wine and Guinness's stout
Kept pourin' itself out ;
An' the beautiful pratee
 Burstin' out of its jacket
In the height of its gai'ty
 Bounced up—O ! and crack it,
Melted off in the mout'—
 So soft and delicious—
 An' delightful side dishes,
Fish and fowl, they came skelpin',
 An' mutton and pork,
Presentin' a helpin'
 To each knife and each fork.
Till, of all on the table,
Glanny Connor was able

To manage no more.
Then says she, "Now, astore,
I won't lend you the goold,
For we both might be fooled
By its changing itself,
Whin stored up on your shelf,
To dock-leaves or grass—
As is often the case.
But I've got a surprise,
Will gladden your eyes
When you're back at your home.
But come, Glanny, come ;
Since so plainly you show
Your impatience to go
Tharram pogue ! an' good-bye !"
An' gives him a kiss.

* * * *

Says Glanny, "Why, why,
What's the manin' of this ?"

“ O thunder, O thunder,
What this that I’m under ? ”
“ *Your orchard,* ” so sweet
It seemed for to say,
Then below at his feet
Died far-far away.
’Twas the set of the day,
And the sun’s last ray
Showed him each leafy
Spray was heavy
Wid a smilin’ store
Of apples galore—
O just the way,
For the world, like a bevy—
A beautiful bevy—
Of girls in a play,
Of hide an’ seek,
Whom you find at last, after searchin’ all day,
Wid the laugh on the lip and the smile on the
cheek.

So each purty pippen
Curtsey'd off of its kippen'

Bright and blushin'

All over the tree,

And hark ! see !

Who comes hushin'

Brave and rosy

As the rest—

With a shosheen, ho ! so sweet and cozy

A hearty child upon her breast—

Upon my life

'Tis Glanny's wife

An' Glanny's boy,

O joy ! O joy !

SPRING VOICES.



SPRING'S SUMMONS.

HARK ! the Spring again
From their bowers hidden
All her tender train
Blithesomely has bidden.

“ Wake, O wake ! for now at last
Cruel Winter's reign is past.”

So her little babes the buds
Rosy-red with innocent sleep
From their cradles in the woods
Pretty wonderers upward peep

Through the unfathomed firmament ;
Now with earthward gaze intent
Eager mark how far below
Golden flowers and flowers of snow
Gladden all the garden-row,
Or like stars on quiet seas
Daisies light the verdant leas ;
Whilst the faithful robins sing,
“ Cruel Winter turns to Spring.”

Then that Thorn—too fond for waiting—
Leaf with blossom antedating—
All his naked ebon branches
With sweet snows abundant blanches.
These therefore the breezy showers
Sweep like far-seen avalanches
Sudden from our Island Bowers,
Nor let their silver magic stay
To match the blossomed hawthorn-spray.
Next in fragrant order meet,

To the Season's summons sweet,
Violet, primrose, daffodilly,
Cowslip, harebell, white wood-lily,
All around by bank and field,
Sweeping common, dell concealed,
Their soft charms to Zephyr yield.
He forthwith—most false of Airs—
With the bees his secret shares.
Therefore these with sudden sheen,
Glancing golden o'er the green,
Deftly store from cup and bell,
Clear quintessent hydromel.
Now on instant raptures bent,
Of aught else improvident,
All in robes of rainbow dye,
Nature's fool the butterfly
Up and down in rash unthrift,
To and fro with ceaseless shift,
On, on, from flower to flower, for aye delights to
drift.

See ! the cautious Oak at last,
Owning angry Winter past,
Spreads his smiling leaves—in haste,
Lest the roving woodsman dread,
Haply holding him for dead,
Plying horrid wound on wound,
With gleaming axe should bear him groaning to the
ground.

Then with emulous blossoms gay,
Snowy chestnut—snowy may
Laugh by every woodland way,
Then the blushing lilac kisses
His laburnum's golden tresses.
And, while sheep-bells mingle sweet
With the new-born lambkin's bleat,
Loud the pairing thrushes sing,
“ Winter-time has turned to Spring.”

Now to Man that happy Voice
Cries in turn, “ Rejoice ! Rejoice

Come, O come ! for now at last,
 Lo, the Tyrant-King has passed.
 Fear no more his snows and frost,
 Reck not of his tempests rude,
 Winter o'er the seas has crossed,
 And his storms are all subdued."

Hush, oh hush ! for first she calls
 In a voice most full of pity,
 Soft and clear,
 "Mourners dear,
 From the cold unlovely walls
 Of your cruel, cruel city,
 Softly steal to me, and make your moan
 All alone ;
 So shall your exceeding bitter grief
 Find a fond relief.

"Come also an open band,
 Hand in hand,

From your winter durance dreary,
Whosoever weak and weary,
Languish in the land !
Press from out your sombre cities,
Sick and poor,
For your cure
I have sights and smells and ditties
Manifold—
Potent, oh ! my friends, to please you,
Or a happy while to ease you,
Young and old,
Of your pain.

“Come again.
Fair and strong,
Grave and thoughtless, join the throng.”

“Hasten here,
Children dear !
Haste, and with your shrill deligh

Fill the greenest of my glades ;
Whilst in gladdest giddiest flight
Flying beams and flickering shades,
Sharing in your frolic mirth,
Go dancing, dancing with you o'er the daisied earth.

“ Come anon, ye lovers true,
With the falling of my dew,
Come, and past my faintly-figured hawthorn-row
To and fro
Turn with happy steps and slow ;
Till some soft-embowered retreat
Tempt aside your willing feet ;
There, whilst Love a friendly shade,
Weaves in your abashment's aid,
Trembling youth to timorous maid,
With emboldened lips confess,
All your bosom's dear distress.

“ Nor withhold, my allies three,

Painter, Minstrel, Poet fond,
Your sweet services from me.

“See ! oh see !
Artist true,
At the wafture of my wand,
Lake and wood and hill beyond,
Purple, green, and blue,
Morn’s first blush,
Eve’s last flush,
Laughingly
Challenge you !
Lightest, brightest, boldest Brush
From the crowded city’s hum,
Come !
Come counterfeit with art complete
All my changeful colours sweet.

“Next draw near,
Minstrel dear—

Come, O come ! for Nature's Choir
This thine Art shall best inspire.
Hear her opera ! love its stress ;
All her stage this upland green,
Hero true and heroine
Yonder hind and shepherdess.
Hark ! O hark each voice repeat
Passion's pleading,
Feigned unheeding—
Now in mutual rapture meet ;
These—amidst a comrade chorus
Clear, sonorous,—
These shall be our happy singers ;
Whiles that hidden Harper sweet,
With his eager, airy fingers,
Tightly straining for his pleasure the long tresses of
the pine,
Sweeps them to those lovers' voices in a melody
divine.
Whence now shall our viol-notes

Lightly laugh or wildly wail ?
From your gay and grieving throats,
Tuneful lark and nightingale !
Now for flageolet and flute
Thrush and blackbird be not mute !
Now for trump and clarion clear
Low ye oxen, bell ye deer—
Now with silver cymbal shocks,
Clash ye sudden-echoing rocks !
Nor cease, O sea, at vastest interval
Sounding from deep to deep thine awful organ-call.

“ Last of all, delighted straying
From thy fevered fellow-throng,
Come, O Poet, pensive weighing
Words of song—
Come ! my landscape fresh and fair,
Choir enchanting, perfumed air
All their essences most rare
Thee shall lend—

Aye and so divinely blend
With thy fancy's loving theme,
That when thou art dead and laid
In the quiet Churchyard shade,
O'er that gently flowing stream—
From the quiet ingle nook—
Village youth and village maid,
With the winter woodfire's aid,
May list the lark or mountain brook
Singing from thy faithful book—
May see with half-closed musing eyes
My waving woods, my shifting skies,
And almost feel upon their brow
My zephyr breathe as soft as now."



THE CLIFFS OF GLENDORE.

“**S**HE comes, she comes, the Season’s
Queen !”

The faithful robins pipe, and preen
Their ruffled plumes, associate lean
The lime and larch,
Lifted in one long, lustrous, green
Triumphal arch.

“She comes, she comes !” on herald wing,
Before her thrush and blackbird sing;
Then in she sweeps, the sovereign Spring,
While at her side,
Love, with an arrow on his string,
Doth laughing ride.

Around them troop a virgin train,
With mystic dance and magic strain,
Loose-linked in one careering chain
Of lovely mirth.

“So Spring,” he sang, “returns to reign
The willing Earth.

“So Spring returns, and, with her, Love,
Whom small sweet larks in heaven above,
Coy butterfly, coo-cooing dove,
Fond youth and maid—

Ay, all glad hearts are telling of,
But mine,” he said.

“Yet how divinelier bird and bee,
And wind and wave would sing to me,
How lovelier far by lawn and lea
Thy spring would prove,
Wert thou not still estranged from me,
O longed-for Love !”

So that dear Irish April day,
Above his blue Atlantic bay,
Embowered by arbutus and may,
A poet cried ;
When " come !" it sang ; and " I obey,
Sweet brook," he sighed.

And strange as lips and eyes, that seem
Calling, gazing, through a dream,
With summon's sweet and beckoning beam
That brook ran ever,
Swelling to a stately stream,
A rushing river.

And " come !" it cried again to him,
So clear, that o'er the grassy rim
He gazed into the waters dim ;
But nought espied,
Save bull-flags swaying great and grim
Athwart the tide.

And "come !" it called him o'er and o'er,
Love's voice upon the Atlantic shore ;
And "come !" it cried to him once more,
Then laughed " Too late,"
As mid the cliffs of wild Glendore,
He found his fate.



THE POET'S SPRING.

WITH an aching heart and a brain out-
weary,
From his trembling fingers he tossed
the pen,
And climbed to the roof of his attic eyrie,
And gazed far down on the city of men,
And cried from above to the thronging people,
“ Oh, little as ye seem, and vain and slight,
Ye are smaller, slighter ”—and he turned to the
steeple—
“ Meaner and vainer in your Maker's sight ! ”
“ YEA,” the bell chimed from the sacred height.

"When death," he sighed, "left my pillow lonely,
And my whole life loveless, hither I came
From our New World sierras—comforted only
By a far-heard echo of fame and name,
The siren voice of a Phantom Shrouded ;
But the Mystic Shape is with clouds o'erclouded,
And her sweet strain silent. Proclaim, proclaim,
What may it mean? Is it well, oh bell?"
And the voice from the steeple replied, "It is
WELL."

Once again he called to the Spirit in the Spire :
"If Fame forsake me as Love forsook,
What is left of all of my heart's desire
But a buried bride and a foolish book?"
The bell no more made answer hollow,
But a fresh voice fell on the poet's ear,
A voice from the west, crying, "*Follow me, follow—
Flowers waken, birds warble, and streams run clear,
Follow me, follow, for the Spring is here!*"

So the poet followed the sweet-voiced zephyr

To a gay green valley in the heart of the hills,

At his feet there leaped a laughing river

Crowned with thorn-blossom and daffodils :

Two robins aloft on an elm were singing,

Two wild doves over the stream were winging,

And this song was wafted from welkin and rills

And bird and blossom—" *Sad soul, be whole*

With a hope that shall strengthen as the seasons roll."



THE IRISH EXILE'S LOVE.

WITH pensive eyes she passed the
church,
And up the leafy woodland came ;
Until she reached the silver birch
Where, long ago, he carved her name.

And "Oh !" she sighed, as soft she kissed
With loving lips that gentle tree,
"Alone, alone, I keep the tryst,
Return to Ireland, love, and me.

“Return ! Columbia’s realm afar,
Where year by year your feet delay,
We cannot match for moon or star
By silver night or golden day.

“Her birds are brighter far of wing
A richer lustre lights her flowers ;
Yet still they say no bird can sing
Or blossom breathe as sweet as ours.

“Return ! Her levin-flashes dire
Affright not here. We never know
Her awful rushing prairie-fire—
The silent horror of her snow.

“Return ! Her heart is wise and bold—
Her borders beautiful and free—
Yet still the New is not the Old,
Return to Ireland, love, and me.”



THE MAY OF THE YEAR.



SHOW me a season as mild and as
merry

As the May of the year in the
Kingdom of Kerry.

As the May of the year, as the May of the year,
When the eyes of Atlantic, as crystal-clear
As Heaven's own blue, are beaming on you ;

And the sun moves slowly for love of the
flowers

—Such flowers, with the wild bees all a-hum,—

And delights to linger above the bowers

—Those very bowers, so dark and dumb,

And sorrowful stripped for O, how long ?
But now how green ! how full of song !—
And the good sun gazes, with golden gaze,
On the evergreens of our woodland ways :
A gaze so glad—arbutus and holly
Forget their wintry melancholy
In diamond laughter, and he delays
The happy heedless course of the hours,
And looks with a lingering love-look down
To do his duty
To Irish beauty ;
And looks again, with a royal frown,
Steadfast and stern, our boys to burn,
To burn our boys, to a braver brown.

So the good sun his course delays,
For he loves to lengthen our sweet spring days.



SONNET

TO A HAWTHORN.



WHEN Spring returns, after so sad delay,
And little birds no longer pipe
“Alas!”

Oft as a-field from copse to copse I pass,
I mark thee, fairest, quickening day by day
From bud to leaf—from leaf to blossom gay ;
Till, as a queen, the lovely village lass
Wreathes for her crown thy pearliest-petalled spray,
Thy greenest wilding sceptres for her sway.

Be with us still, beseech thee, Maiden May ;
Still to thy stream stoop through the springing grass.
Aye ! linger still, a bride before thy glass.
And still too soon shall dusk the nuptial day
When thy virginity, that so beauteous was,
In Summer's amorous arms shall blushing melt away.



SONNET

TO A LABURNUM IN A DUBLIN GARDEN.



OST thou, despairful that thy lot is laid
Far from the wild wood, the romantic
hill,

In rich dishevelment of sorrow spill
Thy long locks lustrous—kiss thine own sweet shade
Narcissus-like, or with the Argive maid
To golden glamour yield thee half afraid ?

An exile's longings for some orient lea
Lavish belike these glittering hoards of grief.
I know not. Yet, before their summer brief
Forsakes our island woods, Laburnum Tree,
Again thou seem'st to blossom tears of gold.
Nearer we draw, yet all that we behold

Is but the splendour of thy faded leaf—
No hue of health—the flush that all too soon is cold.



DAWN AT BALLINVOIRIG.

TIS scarcely four by the village clock,
The dew is heavy—the air is
cool—

A mist goes up from the glassy pool—
Through the dim field ranges a phantom flock,
No sound is heard but the magpie's mock.

Very low is the sun in the sky,
It needeth no eagle now to regard him.
Is there not one lark left to reward him
With the shivering joy of his long sweet cry?
For his face shines sadly, I know not why.

Through the ivied ruins of yonder elm
There glides and gazes a sadder face—
Spectre queen of a vanished race
'Tis the full moon shrunk to a fleeting film,
And she lingers for love of her ancient realm.

These are but idle fancies, I know,
Framed to solace a secret grief.
Look again—scorning such false relief—
Dwarf not Nature to match thy woe.
Look again ! Whence do these fancies flow ?

What is the moon but a lamp of fire
That God shall relume in His season ? The sun
Like a giant rejoices his race to run,
With flaming feet that never tire,
On the azure path of the starry choir.

The lark has sung ere I left my bed,
And hark ! far aloft from those ladders of ligh

Many songs, not one only, the morn delight ;
Then, Sad Heart, dream not that Nature is dead,
But seek from her strength and comfort instead.



THE KINGDOM OF KERRY.

AN INVITATION TO IRELAND.



COME to us and learn to own—

Unless your heart's as hard as
stone—

There's not a realm around the sphere
With Our Kingdom can compare.

For how could river, lake, and sea
In softer sister hues agree ?
Or hills of passionate purple-glow
Far and near more proudly flow ?

And where will summer kiss awake
Lovelier flowers by lawn or brake?
Or brighter berries blush between
Foliage of a fresher green?

And if you miss from modern days
Sweet simple-hearted human ways,
Come ! own such ancient virtues rare
In our kingdom cherished are.

The open hospitable door,
The poor man's pittance to the poor,
Unfaltering friendship, loyal love—
Joys your greatest sigh to prove.

O come to us ! At break of day
We'll breast the billows of the bay ;
Then range afar with rod or gun,
Sportsmen keen, till set of sun.

Or our advent'rous nymphs beside
With eager oarage take the tide
To mountains fresh and forests new,
Borne along the Atlantic blue.

Pausing awhile, our quest achieved,
On velvet mosses over-leaved
With shelter from the solar glare.
Gipsy-wise our feast to share.

O then—or when a moonlit main
Together tempts us home again,
And dipping dreamy oars we go,
Softly singing, laughing low—

Then most of all—beware ! beware !
The starry eyes, the night of hair—
Each darkling grace of face and mould,
Silver voices, hearts of gold.

So come to us and gladly own—
Unless your heart's as hard as stone—
That not one kingdom in the sphere
With our Kerry can compare.

•

MOODS AND MELODIES.

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PARKNASILLA.

TO AN ARTIST.



WHO could limn the landscape that we
love—

The rocky garden's variegated wreath—
The limes that skirt—the oaks and pines beneath—
Ocean before, the summer sky above ?

Who could pourtray the mountains' purple smiles—
And all the opal hues of earth and heaven,

Foam-fringing forests—heather-tufted Isles ;
The roseate dawn—purpureal poms of even—

And young Atlantic's petulant shifting wiles ?
Who could do aught but mar the true expression

Where all is change ? Then why a record shape
Of scenes whose nature glories in succession

From wood to wave—from wave to distant cape—
Like the young poet's dream, fair beyond all possession ?



SHE LEANT UPON THE RUSTIC
BRIDGE.

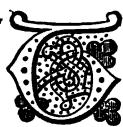
SHE leant upon the Rustic Bridge,
With all her spirit in her eyes,
Far off the mountains, ridge on ridge,
Flowed westward through the autumn skies.

The blue sea kissed its golden weeds,—
In wreaths the blue smoke took the air—
Flushed were the forests—green the meads—
She said, “This earth is passing fair.”



THE FIRST ROSE.

A MELODY.



HE rose that in the springtide ventures
forth

To woo the Zephyr, with her crimson
smiles

And odorous wiles,
Too often chances on the cruel North ;
For every kiss of his cold lips,
With poisonous blight her beauty nips.
Till one by one with downcast head
She weeps away her petals red,
And with the last, bereft of life and light
Sighs forth her passionate soul on the dark lap of night.



THE ROSE-TREE IN FULL BEARING.

AN IRISH MELODY.



ROSE-TREE in full bearing,

When rude storms had stripped the
bowers ;

How oft with thee despairing,

I've sighed through the long dark hours ;

Till Spring, so hard of wooing,

Hope's own green spell upon thee cast,

And Kate, her coldness ruing,

With sweet pity turned at last.

Then April smiled to cheer us,

Or mocked grief with golden rain,

While Kate drew laughing near us,
Or frowned past with dear disdain ;
'Till, was it yester even,
Beneath thy faint red flowers divine,
With Love's one star in heaven,
Her lips leant at last to mine ?

And when I fondly told her,
O, Rose, all our stormy grief ;
And how my hope grew bolder,
With thy every opening leaf ;
She answered, " for so sharing,
Dear heart, Love's weary winter hour,
The Rose-tree in full bearing,
Shall build us our summer bower.



THE FADED ROSE.

THROW the window open wider ; let the
cool air kiss my brows ;
See, the stars alone are shining ; hark !
the rustling of the boughs ;
On a night, oh, how how like this, love, we breathed
our virgin vows !

And the dear old arbour, shall I never never see it
more ?

With its pleasant rustic seats, and scaly cones, and
pebbled floor,

And the rose that peeped upon us, dearest, through
the open door.

“ Yield, outrivalled, yield this forfeit, rash one, to a
Rose more fair ; ”

Light he laughed and turning twined its brightest
blossom in my hair.

Love, unclasp this cherished locket; see, the withered
flower is there !

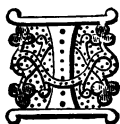
Little, thought I, when I set it fondly in this shrine
of gold,

That thy Rose would fade as fast, her cheek as soon
turn wan and cold.

Take her in thy precious arms, and let her die within
their fold.



"IRISH EYES."



RISH Eyes ! Irish Eyes,

Eyes that most of all can move me !

Lift one look

From my book,

Through your lashes dark, and prove me

In my worship O how wise !

Other orbs, be content !

In your honor, not dispraisal—

Most I prize,

Irish Eyes

Since were not your ebon, hazel,

Violet—all to light them len't ?

Then no mischief, Merry Eyes !
Stars of Thought, no jealous fancies !
Can I err
To prefer
This sweet union of your glances,
Sparkling, darkling Irish Eyes ?



SLEEPLESS.

A SONNET.

DALE Queen, that from thy bower Elysian,
In slow, sweet state supremely issuing
forth,

Of thy dear pity to the day-worn man,
Dispensest dreams through all the darkened earth,
Hast thou no ray of softliest-silvered span,
To tempt coy Slumber hither? O, if thou hast,
By all the love of thy Endymion,
Spare it, that I, even I, may rest at last.
Yea! that for me, sad Present, cruel Past,
Dark Future blend in blest oblivion,
Speed Slumber, Slumber to these aching eyes,
That he with wings of balmiest breath may fan
My cares to rest, confuse each haunting plan,
And steal my spirit with a sweet surprise.



AN IRISH GRACE.

FOR beauty's blaze
Let Pagans praise
The features of Aglaia,
Admire agape
The maiden shape
Consummate in Thalia,
Last hail in thee,
Euphrosyne,
Allied the sovran powers
Of form and face—
No heathen Grace
Can match this Grace of ours.

Blue are her eyes, as though the skies
Were ever blue above them,
And dark their full-fringed canopies,
As if the night fays wove them.

Two roses kiss to mould her mouth,
Her ear's a lily blossom,
Her blush a sunset in the south,
And drifted snow her bosom.

Her voice is gay, but soft and low,
The sweetest of all trebles,
A silver brook that, in its flow,
Chimes over pearly pebbles.

A happy heart, a temper bright,
Her radiant smile expresses ;
And, like a wealth of golden light,
Rain down her sunny tresses.

Earth's desert clime,
Whose sands are Time,
Will prove a glad oasis,
If 'tis my fate,
My friends, to mate
With such a girl as Grace is.



SAD THRUSH.



THRUSH, that pourest far and near,
From some dark bower thy passionate
song,

Thou speakest sadder to my ear
To-day than all the feathered throng.

For when, alas ! in search of food
The mother bird had left her young,
With axe in hand, a woodsman rude,
I roved my leafy shades among ;

Till, cruel chance ! my critic eye
Discerned a wildering beechen bough ;
I heaved the sturdy steel on high,
And with three strokes I struck it through.

It trembled, tottered, crashed, and fell,
And turning, tossed upon the air
Four throistles, scarce escaped the shell,
With downy breasts and pinions bare ;

Whilst wildly wheeling o'er their fall,
Returned, alas ! one moment late,
The parent thrush, with piteous call,
Bewailed her children's cruel fate.

Each bird, with wafts of warmest breath,
I strove to stir to life again ;
But oh ! so rude the rock beneath—
All, all the little ones were slain.

In their own nest, that scarce was cold,
Their tender corpses I inurned ;
Then made their grave of garden mould,
And homeward melancholy turned.

And this is why in cadence clear,
Pouring afar her passionate song,
One thrush speaks sadder to my ear
To-day than all the feathered throng.



GLAD THRUSH.

HUSH ! O hush !
For the yellow-throated thrush
Comes winging fleetly—

Whither ? Hither,
The yellow-throated, mellow-noted thrush
Comes winging fleetly.
Singing, how sweetly,
“ Kwee-kwee kwee-kwee,
Trill-lilla-la.”

Then hush ! O hush !
My pipe of holly

Most melancholy ;
For our sad song
Would greatly wrong
His carol jolly ;
“ Kwee-kwee kwee-kwee,
Trill-lilla-la.”

He, perching thus,
Pipes back to us,—
“ Light-hearted swain,
Thy jocund flute
To-day is mute.
O why refrain
Its mirthful strain
To pour ; when I
From this tree nigh,
Am piping plain,
‘ Kwee-kwee kwee-kwee,
Trill-lilla-la ? ’ ”

And I reply,
 “ Sweet bird, because
 Grief only was
In my flute’s sigh,
Till you came by ;
 But your kwee-kwee
 Of gushing glee,
Bids sorrow fly.
 So, overhead,
 Sing on kwee-kwee,
 Trill-lilla-la, |
Till day is dead.”



THE HUNTER BRAVE.

“**S**O kiss farewell,” the hunter cries,
And forth upon his courser flies.
“Farewell!” his wife and children wave
“Farewell ! farewell ! our hunter brave.”

Beware the lion’s deadly leap—
A flash—a fall—a heaving heap—
And, lo ! the monster in his cave
Lies dead before the hunter brave.

“To horse—to horse !” again he cries,
And homeward, homeward, homeward flies.
Whilst “welcome !” wife and children wave,
“Welcome, once more, our hunter brave !”



IRISH LULLABY.



'D rock my own sweet childie to rest in a
cradle of gold on a bough of the
willow,

To the *shosheen ho* ; of the wind of the west and the
shularoo of the soft sea billow.

Sleep, baby dear,

Sleep without fear,

Mother is here beside your pillow.

I'd put my own sweet childie to sleep in a silver boat
on the beautiful river,

Where a *shosheen* whisper the white cascades, and a
shularoo the green flags shiver.

Sleep, baby dear,
Sleep without fear,
Mother is here with you for ever.

Shularoo! to the rise and fall of mother's bosom 'tis
sleep has bound you,
And O, my child, what cozier nest for rosier rest could
love have found you?
Sleep, baby dear,
Sleep without fear,
Mother's two arms are clasped around you.



MIGHT LOVING MAIDS.

IRISH MELODY.



MIGHT loving maids confess

Their bosoms' dear distress,

To youths as fond-avowed could
they but speak,

The words of my adieu

Had not been light and few ;

The smile had turned to tears upon my cheek.

O yes ! might maidens tell

With their last wild farewell,

How truest hearts oft ache unclaimed behind,

I who so dearly loved
Had not seemed all unmoved
Toward thee—my own true love confessed were fortune kind.

Yet though perforce we part,
Ere faithful heart to heart
Could own the tender rapture each inspired,
Absence will but approve
The honour of thy love,
And make my hope the more to be desired.

Yes ! though perforce we part,
Ere faithful heart to heart
Could own the tender rapture each inspired,
Absence will but approve
The honour of thy love,
And make my hope in thee the more to be desired.



WHEN SHE ANSWERED ME HER
VOICE WAS LOW.

IRISH MELODY.

WHEN she answered me her voice was
low—but, 'oh !
Not, Erin, thine own harp's im-
passioned chord

With prouder bliss e'er bade my bosom glow,
Than she has kindled by that one sweet word.

When the colleen's eyes looked back the love in mine,
My Erin, never after darkest night
With bluer welcome o'er the ocean line
Thy shore has started on my patriot sight.

And, Erin, bid thy son as soon believe

Thy song expired, thy star of promise set,
As dream my darling's eyes could e'er deceive,
Her lips their low sweet answer all forget.



AUTUMN DIRGE.

H ALLEN with the fallen leaf !
All the woods are bowed with grief,
And the sky, without relief,

O'er the earth with tears replieth.

We are also bowed with grief,

And from tears have no relief :

Death is on our aged chief ;

Dumb and motionless he lieth.

Now the earth all beauty scorning,

With no blooms her breast adorning,

Wrapped in cypress robes is mourning

For the summer's lost delight ;

Thus, no coloured garb adorning,
We are clad in darkest mourning;—
Swift of Stroke and Wise of Warning,
Thou hast robbed our limbs of light.



SONG.

LIFE like ours is April weather ;
Tears and smiles, smiles and tears,
Sighs and laughter linked together ;
Fears and hopes, hopes and fears,
Storm and sunshine, hither, thither,
Shifting through the spheres.

Love alluring, harming, healing ;
Bliss his Yes ! Woe his No !
Fortune's smile and frown revealing
Foe in friend, friend in foe ;
Mirth to-day, to-morrow Sorrow
Guiding as we go.

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